H Y M N S



NEW-YEAR's-DAY.



1 / lang button

BRISTOL:

PR TED BY WILLIAM PINE.

M.DCC.LXXII.

No. 13



H Y M N S

F O R

NEW-YEAR's-DAY.

HYMNI.

To God who lengthens out our days, Who spares us yet another year,
And lets us see his goodness here;
Happy, and wise, the time redeem,
And live, my friends, and die to him.

A 2

How.

HYMNS FOR

- 2 How often when his arm was bar'd, Hath he our finful Ifrael spar'd! Let them alone his mercy cry'd, And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside, Indulg'd another kind reprieve, And strangely suffer'd us to live.
- 3 Laid to the root with confcious awe, But now the threatning axe we faw, We faw when Jefus ftept between, To part the punishment and fin, He pleaded for the blood-bought race, And God youchfas'd a longer space!
- 4 Still in the doubtful balance weigh'd,
 We trembled while the remnant pray'd:
 The Father heard his Spirit groan,
 And answer'd mild, It is my Son!
 He let the pray'r of faith prevail,
 And mercy turn'd the hovering scale.
- 5 Merciful God, how shall we raise Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise? Our hearts shall beat for thee alone, Our lives shall make thy goodness known, Our souls and bodies shall be thine, A living factifice divine.
- 6 I and my house will serve the Lord, Led by the Spirit and the Word; We plight our faith, assembled here, To serve our God th' ensuing year; And vow, when time shall be no more, Through all eternity t' adore.

HYMN II.

Y E worms of earth, arile,
Ye creatures of a day,
Redeem the time, be hold, be wife,
And cast your bonds away:
Shake off the chains of sin,
Like us assembled here,
With hymns of praise to usher in
The acceptable year.

The year of gospel grace
Like us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffer'd liberty:
Pardon and peace are nigh,
Which ev'ry soul may prove;
The Lord, who now is passing by,
Makes this the time of love.

Saviour, and Lord of all,
Thy proffer we receive,
Obedient to thy gospel call,
That bids us turn, and live;
Our former years mil-spent,
Though late, we deeply mourn,
And soften'd by thy grace repent,
And to thy arms return.

With fear, and grief, and shame, Our folly we bemoan, But wonder at the patient Lamb, Who lets us still alone: Thy patience lifts us up,
Thy free unbounded grace,
And all our fear is loft in hope,
And all our grief in praise.

To thee, by whom we live,
Our praife and lives we pay,
Praife, ardent, cordial, conftant give,
And fhout to fee thy day:
Thy day of faving grace,
Thy conferrated year,
When the bright Son of Righteoufnefs,
Doth to our world appear.

Rifen, we know, thou art,
With healing in thy wings,
We feel, we feel it in our heart,
The life thy prefence brings!
The feal and earneft this,
Our pardon we receive,
And look with thee in glorious blifs
Eternally to live.

H Y M N III.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly folem found,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

Jesus, our great high-priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd finners, home!

Ye flaves of fin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And fafe in Jefus dwell,
And bleft in Jefus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd finners, home!

Ye who have fold for nought Your heritage above, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Jesu's love: The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home!

H Y M N IV.

- 1 A L L praise to the Lord,
 Whose trumpet we hear,
 Which speaks in his word
 The festival year:
 The loud proclamation
 Of freedom from thrall,
 And gospel salvation
 Is publish'd to all.
 - The year of release
 Ev'n now is begun,
 And pardon and peace
 With Jesus sent down:
 Eternal redemption
 Through him we obtain,
 And present exemption
 From passionate pain.
- 3 Ye fpirits enflav'd,
 Your liberty claim,
 Believe, and be fav'd
 Through Jefus's name:
 That infinite lover
 Of finners embrace,
 And gladly recover
 His forfeited grace.
- With joyfullest news
 Your prisons resound,
 Your setters are loose,
 Your souls are unbound:

Refume the possession For which ye were born, From Satan's oppression To heaven return.

HYMN V.

OM E, let us anew
Our journey purfue,
Roll round with the year,
And never fland flill, till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

Our life is a dream,
Our time as a fiream
Glides fwiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,

The moment is gone, The milennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

O that each in the day
Of his coming might fay,
"I have fought my way thro',
"I have finish'd the work thou didst give meto do!"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,

"Enter into my joy, and fit down on my throne!"

H Y M N VI.

THE Lord of earth and fky,
The God of ages praife,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Antient of endless days,
Who lengthhens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead fouls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

When justice bar'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, let it still alone!
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space,
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!

Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound,
Olet us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

H Y M N VII.

SING to the great Jehovah's praife!
All praife to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest fongs:
Whose providence has brought us thro'
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still-continued care,
To thee presenting thro' thy Son
Whate'er we have, or are;
Our lips and lives shall gladly shew
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go,
To see thy sace above.

Our refidue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be,
And all our confectated powers
A facrifice to thee:
Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
To faints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heav'n.